The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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GOD HIDDEN AND MANIFEST.

O height that doth all height excel
Where the Almighty doth abide!
O awful depth unsearchable,
Wherein the Eternal one doth hide!

What secret space, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God!

Vain searchers! Yet we need not mourn;
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us, where'er we turn;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest;
Thou, whom excess of light doth hide,
Here shinest, sweetly manifest.

Yet sweetest, Lord, dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face:
The heavenly Majesty draws near,
And offers us its soft embrace.

To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come:
From us thou hidest thine abode,
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

O glory which no eye may bear!
O Presence bright, our soul's sweet guest!
O farthest off! O ever near!
Most hidden and most manifest!

—*T. H. Gill.*

ADORATION.

The mere *greatness* of God is not, then, the foundation of the duty of adoration for a free intelligence. Were he as great as he is, and evil also, should we still adore him? It would be impossible. So nobly has he himself constituted our souls that the moment such a chimera rises before us as that of personified evil clothed in the grandeur of a God, that moment no sentiment save horror attaches itself to the attributes of mere greatness, to absolute wisdom and almighty power. There is no fear we lack reverence for the true God in thus rendering our adoration to that in him which is of right adorable. He himself has so made us that it must be thus. Not on his greatness, not even on his benefits, has he founded his claim to the homage of beings to whom he has given the rank of moral intelligences. Man may not love the holy Lord of Good as a dog loves his master, or as Eclogé and Acté loved Nero. He has made us to adore moral perfection, and to regard other attributes with veneration only when possessed by a morally perfect being.

And God *is* that which he has so made us to love. We have but to descend into the sanctuary of our souls, and ask the oracle therein, *What* is the justice, the goodness, the holiness we spontaneously adore? and we shall obtain an answer which will shadow forth our Father in heaven better than any formulas can do, and as well as our minds at their particular stage of growth can understand. As we ourselves grow more like him, that ideal will continue to rise higher and higher in its *positive* conception of what justice and goodness mean; but at all times it is *negatively* true. Nothing that we ever think unjust, cruel, or unholy, can belong to him who has made us despise and abhor whatever we feel to bear those characters.

The species of definition or description of the Deity (if I may so call it) which we intellectually construct in our minds, partly

from some of the data given by intuition and partly from the negations furnished by the logical understanding,—such descriptions, I say, always seem more or less different from that idea of God which rises before us when we actually *pray*, and approach him in spirit as our moral judge. I do not mean that they contradict or oppose it. If we follow faithfully the light granted to us, it is the tendency of our religious creed to harmonize itself continually more and more in all its parts; and, while our foundation is laid on the direct intuitions of God in our souls, we build into the superstructure of our temple every fact and thought hewn out of the visible universe by the labor of the understanding, till at last the building stands forth the consummation of our whole mental and moral natures. Nevertheless, while this work is incomplete, the results attained by the logical understanding are not always in exact coincidence with intuition, and the latter is itself often but imperfectly produced. I mean that, when we are engaged in a purely intellectual study of theology, our ideal of God is apt to be confused, or at all events less bright and pure than when we "seek his face" in directly religious exercises. It is a solemn subject, and one on which it is hard to speak with enough diffidence; but I think the experience of my readers will probably corroborate what I would advance, —namely, that the God they find in prayer is a more holy being than they can place before them in any other attitude of the soul. A vision is opened at those hours, of such awful purity, such relentless and tremendous justice, such unbounded, unutterable love, that we seek in vain to behold it afterward, except in the reflection of memory. We never *construct* a God like him, who so reveals himself to us. In prayer, intuition is the dominant faculty; and the other powers of the mind sink into their due subordination.

In attempting to speak of the holiness of God, I shall, for these reasons, refer rather to the experience of my readers' hearts than to any logical definition of the divine attributes. We may *say* over and over again that God is pure and righteous and altogether holy; but these words only convey to us what may have been taught us by intuition concerning these attributes, and nothing beyond. We must, if we would *know* what such things are, go back to those blessed lessons, or (what is better far) go forward to fresh ones, and ask of Him "who giveth to every one liberally," and by whom no son, craving for the bread of life, hath ever been sent empty away.

Now, when we do thus obtain a transient glance into the abyss of our Creator's holiness, what is the sentiment which floods our souls? What seems to us, then, the right tribute for sinful man to offer up forever to the sinless Deity? Is it not adoration? Do we not then recognize that that mingled burst of love and veneration, and an admiration for which language has no name, is the only fit emotion of the soul when it contemplates that unutterable sanctity?

It has not been without perception of the true nature of adoration that it has been represented in the Christian creed as the employment of blessed souls throughout eternity. Of course there is error in excluding our other moral, intellectual, and affectional faculties from their proper share of growth and employment, but undoubtedly there is a principle of self-perfection of a very peculiar kind in adoration. The more we dwell on the idea of goodness, so much the more we love it. The more we contemplate the nature of holiness, the more power our souls acquire to revere it. Grievous have been the errors of the creeds which have represented such things as repentance, as if they were or ought to be perpetually progressive. These are acts of the soul, not sentiments. I shall speak on this subject more fully presently; but here it is enough to remark that the attempt to renew with increasing fervor those passages of the moral life which are in their nature intended to be accomplished at once, is fraught with danger to the simplicity of the heart. Such things *cannot* go on forever. No man can weep over his thousandth wilful and presumptuous transgression as he wept when first the love of God and hatred of sin broke upon his soul. But he *can* and does exult the thousandth time, far more than the first, when his spirit soars up in adoration of the infinite holiness of the Supreme, while ever wider his strengthening sight stretches out over the boundless horizon of purity and love. How far this may extend in the ages of immortality before us all, what tongue may tell, what heart imagine! When we trace the progress of adoration in our souls, and note the law of its growth, it would seem as if the Seer of Patmos had indeed foreheard the cry which, day and night in worlds above, our spirit voices shall re-

peat with deeper and profounder awe and love forever and forever,—

"HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!"—*Frances Power Cobbe, in "Religious Duty."*

THE STILL HOUR.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou treadest with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains
God o'er all forever reigns.

—*Selected.*

O God, make me love thee, not only because thou fillest my life with joy, but because thou art infinitely, absolutely, unutterably good in thine own awful nature; because thou lovest all my fellows on earth, all my brethren in the stars; and because even for me thou wilt seek better things than happiness, and guide and teach and punish me, till I am fit at last to be indeed thy child. Like the Moslem of old, I cry to thee: "Thou art to me all that I desire. Make me to thee what thou desirest, O thou most Merciful of the merciful!"—*"Alone to the Alone."*

O Lord, thou knowest what is best for us; give what thou wilt and when thou wilt; deal with us in all things as seemeth to thee good. Behold, we are thy servants: we would not live unto ourselves, but unto thee. May we always desire and will that which is to thee most acceptable and most dear! Let thy will be ours; and grant us, above all things that can be desired, to rest in thee, and in thee to have our hearts at peace. Amen.—*The Christian Register.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Emma M. Backus, Grovetown, Georgia, offers to send current numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Bookman* each month.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Last winter I wrote a letter to *Cheerful Letter* asking for books for a Sunday-school library. I received several from individuals, and have received three boxes of books from as many Sunday-schools. I write again to thank all who helped. The children and young folks take great delight in reading. I trust that much good will come from our having a little library. We have not a "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Stepping Heavenward." It doesn't seem that a library is complete without those two books. If any one will send either of them, they will be highly appreciated, and we will be ex-

ceedingly thankful for them. (Miss) Maggie Taylor, R. F. D. 1, Boone, North Carolina.

2. Through the kindness of friends I have received The *Cheerful Letter* for several years past, and have also had the pleasure of receiving books occasionally which I was anxious to read and which I could not buy. I believe I have never sent in a request for publication but once. I have written to the different branches who made the offers. At present I am extremely anxious to obtain a copy of a book called "Return to Nature," writen by a German physician (Adolph Just). Edith Patton, Memorial Home, Brookville, Pennsylvania.

3. Mrs. M. H. Coleman, R. F. D. No. 1, Critz, Virginia, thanks the kind friends that have remembered her, and asks if any one will send her the *Ladies' World*. She would also be pleased if some one could send her the "English Orphans," by Mary J. Holmes.

4. May I ask the friends of *The Cheerful Letter* to send me any kind of good reading matter, as I dearly like to read, and live in the country and get little reading. Mrs. S. R. Stone, Collinsville, Texas, R. F. D. No. 1.

5. I would appreciate any good reading, fiction preferred. We live several miles in the country, and in bad weather are glad to have reading. I have a friend, Mrs. S. B. Maxberry, R. F. D. No. 2, Van Alstyne, Texas, who would be glad to receive any literature. Mrs. Verda L. Francis, R. F. D. No. 2, Van Alstyne, Texas.

6. Mrs. Hortense Burkes, Sandidges, Amherst County, Virginia, will be grateful for Tennyson's "Princess," White's "Elements of Pedagogy," White's "School Management," Dexter and Garlick's "Psychology in the Schoolroom."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

OBSTINATE CHILDREN.

III.

I recall two illustrations of obstinacy drawn from real life, and, although they are widely different, I think that something may be learned from each incident.

A friend has contributed the following anecdote. She says:—

"A visitor was once staying with us, a mother with a little girl of six. The child was of a somewhat nervous, excitable type, and had evidently been much indulged. One day, as we were sitting talking, in the parlor, the child (as a form of fidgeting) snatched a book from the table, and began to twist and roll it round in her hands. It was only a paper-covered book, and not very valuable, but new and fresh, and, of course, it would be spoiled by such treatment. 'Don't do that, dear!' said the mother. The child paid no attention, but continued to wrench the book. Her mother then took it out of her hands, and laid it on the table. The child wrung her hands with an impatient gesture, flung herself irritably back and forth a moment, then snatched the book again and twisted it harder than before, thus openly defying her mother, who dared not interfere again.

"Now it crossed my mind that, as the book belonged to me, it might have been a good opportunity to give the young lady a useful lesson. She was accustomed to tyrannize over her mother; but a spoiled child is impressed, sometimes, by seeing the effect her misbehavior has on a stranger. A child of six is not to blame for not thoroughly understanding that it is wrong to injure what belongs to another person. But if *I* had taken the book from her, saying good-humoredly, 'Oh, I cannot have my book spoiled!' she would have received a new idea, and one that would have been useful to her.

"But, then, her mother was my guest, and it would have been a sort of reproof to her. The child also, being nervous and excitable, might have burst into tears or become angry. She would also have retained a disagreeable impression of me and of her visit. On the whole, I think that taking no notice was the best way, although it might have been, in the end, for the little girl's advantage to do otherwise."

The other circumstance refers to an older child,—a young girl of fourteen. It was told me by a minister. At one time he was very much interested in the study of phrenology, then comparatively a new science.

In his parish was a family with whom he was intimate; and one of the daughters was at this time a young girl of fourteen. The pastor, accustomed to notice the shape of the head, had observed in hers an indication of the quality of firmness, which might, under

some circumstances, assume the appearance of obstinacy. He also noticed that another quality indicated was *shyness*. (I do not know the phrenological name for this.)

One evening, when he happened to be making a call on this family, the father said to his daughter (speaking rather suddenly), "Mary, go and play [some piece that he mentioned] on the piano." She did not move. Her father took this for disobedience, and repeated the order more sharply. Still she did not move. He then became displeased, and spoke with real severity, but all to no avail. Of course, this was a painful scene.

Afterward (I am not sure whether it was the same evening or another day) the pastor asked leave to talk with her. He said: "Mary, I think I understand how you felt. You *wanted* to do what your father asked, but *could* not do so. Was not that it?" Her face lighted up. "That was exactly it," she said earnestly. "*I wanted to, and I couldn't!*" As she was a very conscientious and gentle girl, there could be no doubt that she spoke the truth.

The theory of the minister was that the request, or, rather, *order*,—sudden and unexpected,—excited and brought into action these two prominent traits in the young girl's disposition; and under their influence she was practically *unable* to respond.

Here is an important point to remember. Do not unnecessarily call into action the trait that you desire to repress and *weed out* of the character. If you observe, you will probably see the same curious psychological phenomenon many times in the course of a life. It is probably the same thing seen in balky horses and in children who refuse to pick up a pin or repeat a word, even if whipped almost to death. The brain takes a certain *set*, and the victim is actually *unable* to move.

Extreme gentleness of manner is important in dealing with the obstinate, the object being to lead them to control and eradicate the tendency themselves. Let punishment be as *un*-personal as possible. The best would be that which most nearly resembles the kind employed at one time in our prisons perhaps now. The prisoner, if he behaves well, has a certain number of days taken off from his term of imprisonment. If he behaves ill, he loses a certain number. This is all understood beforehand, and, when he loses his days, the warden does not even have to speak. He walks quietly away without saying a word. Nevertheless, the craving for freedom makes the punishment very severe.

Perhaps some system resembling this might be invented, to employ in training children. If some pleasure which they really care for is simply curtailed or not bestowed, while the parent or teacher continues to treat them in a good-tempered and kindly manner, it would have the best effect, while talking irritates or hardens.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re, seems to be the motto. L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CROW.

Of all the feathered inhabitants of America with which we are acquainted, the crow is probably the least of a favorite. Having little either in his appearance or habits to recommend him, he seems to be regarded by consent as a plundering vagabond, toward whom neither indulgence nor mercy is to be extended; and, were it not that a beneficent Providence had gifted him with more than common sagacity, the race, in our agricultural districts at least, would have long since suffered a considerable diminution of numbers. A constant fear of falling a prey to the murderous gun seems to attend the whole life of the poor crow. Every suspicious-looking person is avoided with care, and it is almost impossible to come within shooting distance of him without great caution.

But why is it that this bird should thus be an object of common hatred and execration? Simply because, as in the case of the blackbirds, we have placed a wrong estimate upon the works of an All-wise Creator. What if the crow does root up the corn in some places, compelling the farmer to replant and replant until his patience is gone? The cut-worms, of which these injured birds annually destroy myriads, are certainly a far worse enemy and more to be dreaded, inasmuch as they appear when the crop is far advanced, and accomplish its destruction when it is too late to replant.

The nest of the crow is generally built in some quiet and secluded spot, upon the jutting crag of a precipitous rock or among the thick branches of some tall tree beyond the reach of his great enemy, man. It is composed externally of moss, sticks, and thin pieces of bark, stuck together sometimes

with mud or clay, and lined with horse-hair or wool, so as to make a thick, warm bed. The eggs are four, of a pale greenish hue, marked with blotches of olive.

The crow is capable of being domesticated so as to become quite an amusing pet, and, it is said, may be taught to utter a few words of English. It soon learns to distinguish between the different members of the family, appears terrified at the approach of a stranger, has a great propensity for hiding small articles, particularly metal, also corn and food generally. He is fond of the company of his master, and will recognize him even after a long absence, as the following well-authenticated anecdote will show. It is from Wilson's "American Ornithology."

"A worthy gentleman who resided on the river Delaware, near Easton, had raised a crow with whose tricks and society he used frequently to amuse himself. The crow lived long in the family, but at length disappeared. About eleven months after this, as the gentleman one morning, in company with several others, was standing on the river shore, a number of crows happening to pass by, one of them left the flock, and, flying directly toward the company, alighted on the gentleman's shoulder, and began to gabble away with great volubility, as one long absent friend naturally enough does on meeting with another. On recovering from his surprise, the gentleman instantly recognized his old acquaintance, and endeavored, by several civil but sly manœuvres, to lay hold of him; but the crow, not altogether relishing quite so much familiarity, having now had a taste of the sweets of liberty, cautiously eluded all his attempts, and, suddenly glancing his eye on his distant companions, mounted into the air after them, soon overtook and mingled with them, and was never afterward seen to return."
—*From "Our Own Birds," By William L. Baily.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Some time before the death of his father, Lord Shaftesbury had determined not to take his seat in the House of Lords. But, to use his own expression, "the leading of Providence was the other way."

On the 23d of June, 1851, Lord Shaftesbury took his seat in the House of Lords.

The following day he made his first speech in the House of Lords on moving the second reading of the bill for the "Inspection and Registration of Lodging-Houses." He spoke in a low tone of voice and with great brevity, and took occasion to explain that it was the deep interest he felt in the objects of this Bill, and the urgency there was for legislation on the subject, "that had induced him to address their lordships so early after his call to their lordships' House."

The Bill became law. It has been acted upon throughout the kingdom; and police authorities, magistrates, medical men, city missionaries, and all whom it concerned, have been unanimous in their testimony as to its beneficial results. "It is the best law," said Charles Dickens to Lord Shaftesbury, some years afterwards, "that was ever passed by an English Parliament."

Many times during his first session the voice of Lord Shaftesbury was heard in the House of Lords. On the 17th of July he made an important speech on the Bill for admitting Jews into Parliament, which Bill was rejected by a majority of 36; and on three occasions he pleaded the cause of the wretched chimney-sweepers, whose condition was growing worse and worse, but whose sufferings were regarded in almost all quarters with surprising indifference.

A few days after the burial of his father, the following entry occurs in the Diary:—

"*June* 16, 1851.—St. Giles's. I am thankful, very thankful, that my two first acts of power have been in the service of God. I have limited the disorders of the tap-room here, by closing it at nine o'clock every night,—'his brevibus principiis,' etc.,—and I have provided for the appointment of a Scripture-reader.

An examination into the state of affairs at St. Giles's* soon convinced him that there were many radical changes to make without delay. There had been incredible waste: large sums of money had been ruthlessly lavished and thrown away, to no purpose of either use or luxury, while many things really necessary had been totally neglected. Without losing heart for a moment, he resolutely set to work to face the difficulties that lay before him, determined to right all that had gone wrong, and to establish more firmly all that was good. As will be seen in the course of the narrative, the circumstances in which he was placed were of no ordinary kind; but, although the obstacles to be overcome and the difficulties to be vanquished would have made any one less resolute quail before them, by degrees he

*Lord Shaftesbury's house in the country.

quietly and steadily accomplished the task he had set himself.

It is worthy of note that, full as the diaries are of details of the actual position of affairs, there is not one word that reflects in any way upon the memory of his father. On the contrary, scattered through the pages there are many touching passages, of which the following is an example, to show that the only thoughts of him were thoughts of tenderness and filial regard:—

"*June* 29, 1851.—Sunday.* My poor father lay for six-and-thirty hours after his attack perfectly unconscious, free from suffering, alive, but apparently, and, I doubt not, really, insensible to all around him. All these cases are mysterious. What was the state of the soul during that period? Was it asleep? Was it benumbed like the body, or was it active and cognizant of eternal things? Here may have been God's chosen time for the infusion of his grace. Here may have been the hour, so to speak, of regeneration. Prayer was permitted, and then, surely, faith also in the results of prayer. 'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit,' was no idle supplication, or tossed, of necessity, into empty air."

It is also worthy of note that the plans Lord Shaftesbury now devised, and the changes he intended to effect, were not for the adornment of his own house, or for personal gratification of any kind, but on behalf of the laborers on the estate and in the neighborhood, and of those who hitherto had not enjoyed the benefits which he considered they had a right to expect.

"*August* 17.—Sunday. Week passed in depths of abundant dusty and useless papers. Gave three hours on Thursday to Commission on Lunacy. Every other moment till seven o'clock, saving half an hour for a ride, to this wonderful 'digging,'—old newspapers, bills, formal letters from 1790, etc., etc., under a mass of dirt and dust deep enough for a crop of mustard and cress. When I lay down at night, the tearing, reading, burning, came on me like the after-effects of a sea voyage, and made me sleepless.

"*August* 22.—St. Giles's. Inspected a few cottages,—filthy, close, indecent, unwholesome. But what can I do? I am half pauperized; the debts are endless; no money is payable for a whole year, and I am not a young man. Every sixpence I expend—and spend I must on many things—is *borrowed!*

*His father died June 2, 1851.

"*August* 25.—Car* has offered to build me four cottages in the village. Heartily do I give God thanks for this, who has put it into her heart. The world will now at least see our good intentions; and that is of high importance where, like me, a party has been a great professor.

"*September* 5.—Have found at last a Scripture-reader for the forests and steppes of Woodlands and Horton. May his services be blessed to the honor and empire of our dearest Lord! I rejoice with trembling that I have been permitted thus far to prosper in this affair.

"*September* 6.—Shocking state of cottages: stuffed like figs in a drum. Were not the people as cleanly as they *can be*, we should have had an epidemic. Must build others, cost what it may.

"*September* 13.—Yesterday to Pentridge, Cobley, and Woodyates. No *school* of any kind at Pentridge. Some forty or fifty children 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.' I determined, under God, to build one, and may he prosper the work! To-day to Woodlands, Horton, and Verwood, to prepare the ground for Scripture-reader, and secure his acceptance by the farmers.

"*September* 15.—To Hinton Martel. Rural and lovely scenery; but what a cottage, what a domicile for men and Christians, I found in that village! Yet what can I do? And the management of the estate, too, has in great measure passed from me by the grants of these small life-holds.

"*October* 3.—Visited some cottages,—thank God not mine! What griping, grasping, avaricious cruelty! These petty proprietors exact a fivefold rent for a thing in fivefold inferior condition! It is always so with these small holders. Everything—even the misery of their fellows—must be turned to profit. Oh, if instead of one hundred thousand pounds to pay in debt, I had that sum to expend, what good I might do! But it has pleased God otherwise."

Having carefully examined into the state of things, and made himself master of the facts, Lord Shaftesbury lost no time in inaugurating some sweeping reforms. These were not easy to carry out, and were opposed in some cases by deep-rooted prejudices.

He found that the truck-system, which he had condemned so unsparingly in his factory legislation, was flourishing on his own estate, and he determined to put a stop to it forthwith. He knew of its exist-

*Lord Shaftesbury's sister, Lady Caroline Neeld.

ence ten years before, but then he was tongue-tied: now he could denounce the abominable system as he pleased. He discovered that certain farmers were grievously defrauding the workpeople, paying them, in kind, at the rate of £10 a load for wheat, when the market price was only £8. To these men he said: "I am master here. I will not allow the poor to be oppressed. You shall pay in money, or quit your farm!" It was a bold step, for in the state of his finances a vacant farm was an important consideration, and, as a matter of fact, some were thrown on his hands; but he had counted the cost, and he persevered until he had abolished the system.

Another mischief, and one that confirmed him in the belief that farmers of the old class were ignorant, selfish, and tyrannical, and that the repeal of the Corn Laws was indispensably necessary to save the agriculture of the realm, was that many of the farms were shamefully undercultivated and, consequently, not half the proper number of laborers were employed. Yet the tenants were well-to-do, for, inasmuch as the land was underlet in value, they made a profit with little trouble. But they turned their men heartlessly out of work, and bade them "go to the great house" (meaning his own) if they wanted a job.

Nothing gave Lord Shaftesbury so much anxiety as the want of proper cottage accommodation. "Surely, I am the most perplexed of men," he wrote. "I have passed my life in rating others for allowing rotten houses and immoral, unhealthy dwellings; and now I come into an estate rife with abominations. Why, there are things here to make one's flesh creep; and I have not a farthing to set them right."

On one thing he was firmly resolved; namely, that he would not spend any money upon his own house until he had effected some improvement in the cottages, nor until he had cared for the village house of God, which had suffered sadly from neglect.

Meantime he was harassed by correspondents who assumed that he was rich, and who "wrote in all the fervor of meritorious need as to one blessed by God with abundant wealth." It was painful to him to say "No" to their appeals. It was impossible that he could explain that fresh liabilities were arising on all sides, absorbing every farthing yielded by the estates, and that expenses innumerable, taxes and labor, had to be met out of borrowed money. There was only one course open to him, and that was to quit St. Giles's for the present.

This step was taken toward the close of January in 1852, a little more than six months after his father's death. But the improvements he had effected during that time were a pledge and a prophecy of what would yet be done, as he had opportunity. In that short period, in addition to the plans he had proposed for cottage accommodation, he had appointed a Scripture-reader for Horton, undertaken a school at Pentridge, projected one at Hinton Martel, and one at Woodlands. The parish church at St. Giles's he thoroughly restored and redecorated, and made it "look like a church, and cease to wear the appearance of an old ball-room." In addition to these things he had inaugurated the system of giving the audit dinners to the tenants at his own house instead of at an inn, being convinced that it was "more hospitable and friendly, and an excellent mode of preventing excess." He had, moreover, planned a series of rewards for garden allotments; a society to encourage laborers on the estate; evening classes for young men; and cricket clubs, for the summer, for all the cottagers, the matches to be played in the park.—*From The Life of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

I.

ENIGMA.

My first in the kitchen garden grows,
'Tis known to poetry and to prose,
To poverty, but not to wealth,
To physical pain, but not to health.

My second is seen in river and sea,
In leaf and flower, valley and lea,
In the water, but not in the sky,
Strange to the lip, yet dear to the eye.

My third and last in darkness, not light,
But appears in morning, noon, and night,
In the heart of a friend, but not of a foe,
In happiness, honor, but not in woe.

My whole is a friend worth having, I ween,
As generous a friend as ever was seen;
Whenever I seek her, in day or night time,
She gives me a song or a story or rhyme.

She's small, but important; in fact, I may say
She's a wonderful creature in every way;
Without her you'd have no magazines,
With fairy stories and pictured scenes.

—*St. Nicholas.*

II.

BEHEADINGS.

To behead a word simply means to cut off the first letter, as *bear, ear.*

Fill up the first blank in each of the following sentences with a word that will make sense, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. We had — in the — room.
2. An — afterwards we went up to — room, and played dominoes.
3. At — we began — game.
4. At — we were —.
5. At — time John had decidedly the — hand.
6. At eight he had — and we suddenly realized that none of us had — anything since two.—*Selected.*

III.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

A Friend of the Family.

Four stiff standers,
Four down-hangers,
Two lookers,
Two hookers,
And a frisk-about.

IV.

A DIFFICULTY.

I have a five-quart can full of milk. I wish to measure one quart; but I have only a three-quart can and a two-quart can empty. How can I do it?—*Selected.*

V.

MORE FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Coo Persis.
2. Dil on land.
3. Mow, all.
4. Lord Ogden.
5. Tears.
6. No pye.

e InvaLadly dhiT —

VI.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a colt like an egg?
2. What can always be seen, though it is invisible?
3. "Which is right?" asked a little girl. b-o-a-t, boat, or b-a-o-t, boat?" In reply her brother named a term in geography, What was it?

Answers to Puzzles in August Number.

I. The Little Minister.
2. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
3. Webster's Spelling Book.
4. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
5. Water Babies.
6. The Jungle Book.

II. Shadow (Shad O!)

III. Safe-guard.

IV. 1. Bertha, breath. 2. Cordelia, Cora lied. 3. Rhoda, hoard. 4. Edith, dieth. 5. Edna, dean. 6. Delia, ideal.

V. 1. Sparrow. 2. Bluebird. 3. Redstart. 4. Blue Jay. 5. Turtle-dove. 6. Partridge.

VI.
H O P E.
O V A L.
P A I L.
E L L A.

VII. 1. Twenty-nine days. 2. Nine days: he would take one ear of corn, and his own two ears, each day. 3. None: they would all fly away. 4. Three days is the answer given. If it took each cat three days to catch one rat, this is correct, but, if the cat caught one rat on three different days, it would take 100 cats 100 days to catch 100 rats, all working at the same rate.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To James Freeman Clarke.

AUG. or SEPT., 1836.

My dear James,—I send you the first part of the translation. The last will be longer, but this will do well for a beginning. I have left out some that I thought made it too long and diluted the effect. The rest you shall have by the next opportunity. I forgot to tell you in my last letter that, if you mean to write the history of the North-west campaign, you should see Aunt Campbell, for she knows more about the circumstances than any one, having been on the spot a good while and acted as her father's secretary for two years. She means, I think, to return to Georgia in October, and Uncle Campbell thinks of cultivating mulberries on his plantation, which is a very profitable sort of crop, and they will probably be fixed there as much as ever. I wish he would go and get a farm in Illinois, and raise them there.

William Kendrick has made thirty thousand dollars by his mulberry-trees this year, and will make much more next year. Only think of that in Newton. There are three silk factories in the State already.

We have had Mr. Keats to see us the last week. He passed a day and night here, and Abraham has been with him to Nahant. Charles Curtis has been attentive to him. Mr. Greenwood invited him to go to Cohasset, where he is now staying. Mr. Sullivan and Dr. Channing are in Newport, and he won't go there to see them, which I am sorry for, as Dr. Channing, might send his letter by him. He is dreadful slow. He wants to add some more to it, he says.

We have just got the August number. I like much your letters to Marshall,—your refusing to stand on his ground.

I have no more time to write more, for Abraham will take this, and find an opportunity to send it.

Yours affectionately,

S. A. C.

[Between the last letter and the next, my aunt, Sarah Clarke, spent a winter with her brother, James, in Kentucky. L. F. C.]

OHIO RIVER, June 16, 1837.

My dear James,—You will think I have grown a hundred years old by this trembling handwriting. I was right glad to see you once more among the rafts and shingles, though I felt so badly at the time that it is not now a pleasing remembrance. So far we have got on well. This is a good boat, though rather aguish in its movements. Last evening it was delightful on the guards in the cool moonlight, but yesterday it was intensely hot till evening.

My sensations on leaving Louisville were so excessively mixed that I am not myself satisfied of the character of the compound; but it was very painful to leave you all, and you in particular, my dear brother. I have enjoyed so much being with you this winter, and I do not know when it will be again. There were some very good people on board, from Connecticut a lawyer and his wife and a doctor and his wife going out to settle; Col. Osgood, of Boston, who knows you and has a letter to you from Rev. Mr. Young, his brother-in-law, but did not deliver it, being under the impression that you were in St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander were extremely kind to me. We reached St. Louis Sunday evening at three o'clock, and, as I did not know where to find Mrs. D., I went with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander to a hotel, in which I had been established about half an hour when I discovered to my great delight that they were boarding in the same house. Mrs. D. sent for me down to her room where were her mother, husband, and little Louise, a lovely child of three years. It was like meeting with old friends, they were so cordial and kind. I went with Mr. D., who is a Catholic, to hear the vespers; but we were too late, the people were just coming out of church. We went in and looked at the cathedral, which is a beautiful building with some fine pictures, and we heard voices singing the vesper hymn in a subterranean chapel. We then went home, as it was raining fast. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander left at ten this morning. We visited this morning the cathedral and the house of the Sisters of Charity, where we saw forty-five orphans smiling and happy. After this we took our way to the chateau of Mr. P., and you would be surprised to see what a ruin it is. The old gentleman has some beautiful pictures and many other curiosities, all sorts of machines, and cobwebs which have not been disturbed for twenty years, a piano which looks a hundred years old. The interior of the place looks not unlike the picture of a Flemish kitchen, dingy and obscure, with everything to be seen there but dead game and turnips. The old gentleman is busy with new galvanic experiments. He showed us his steam-engine alarm which is beautifully simple and effective. A float upon the water in the boiler when it sinks low enough pulls a bell, which gives the alarm, and a dial plate shows exactly how high it is. This he did not get a patent for, as some person had anticipated him.

Going home we met Dr. Brown, another of William's friends. I never saw such a place: you meet every person you want to see on the spot. The streets are so narrow, just like Boston, it makes me feel quite at home. There are fine large warehouses on the landing, and plenty of old French houses in the city.

At dinner time Mr. D. gave me your letter. I was sorry that you tired yourself out running in the hot sun after me, and equally sorry not to see you once more. Dr. Jarvis jumped on board and stayed a while. Tell him that I tried to avail myself of the permission he gave me to read his journal, but it was so illegibly written that I could not read it. Some one looking

over my shoulder remarked that it must have been written by a man of genius.

I find a boat does not go to Peru that is worth going in till Saturday, and I think I shall perhaps stay till then. I shall write to Chicago to-night, and let William, if he pleases, come and meet me at P.

Yours ever,

SARAH.

CHICAGO, Monday, June 26, 1837.

My dear James,—So far have I travelled safely and very pleasantly. I only wish you had been with me; for you would have enjoyed it very much, I am sure. I have found it even more delightful than I expected, which is no small praise. I wrote you from St. Louis, where I intended to stay till Saturday; but Mr. Rhodes came and told me of a good opportunity to go up in a boat of which he was part owner and the captain of which he was well acquainted with. Accordingly he put me under the captain's care to take me up the river and see me safely in the stage for Chicago, all of which he fulfilled in the best manner possible. I was therefore in St. Louis but two days, and all the pleasant rides that were projected for me by Mr. P. and Mr. and Mrs. D. were postponed indefinitely. I believe I told you how much I liked Mr. and Mrs. D. He is a Catholic and she a Unitarian, and she thinks that all sects will finally run into these two, and these, uniting, form the true and everlasting Church of Christ. She reads all you write with great interest, and has many of your things copied off. Her husband is a very interesting person, even more so than she is, if possible; and his mother, a delightful old lady, lives with them.

Well, to proceed with my tale. On Wednesday at twelve o'clock I went on board the "Motto," accompanied by Mr. R. and Mr. D., who loaded me with books to read by the way, for he keeps a bookstore, you know; and, when they left me, I was quite alone again, yet I did not feel so. We soon got above the Missouri, and then the waters cleared and the shores grew bolder and more beautiful. We reached Alton at about five o'clock, and Mr. Alexander saw me on the guards from his store, a fine stone building, and came off to see me. It is a very pretty place, standing high, with two churches with steeples and a school-house—looks like New England. Above Alton the right bank of the Missouri is very beautiful, rocks as regular almost as so many pillars, crowned with mounds round and smooth, with green turf and trees and shrubs between. We saw ladies and children walking on them for some distance above the town. Here, to do honor to Daniel Webster, they blasted rocks with thirteen loud explosions; and at Pekin and Peoria, having no rocks, they exploded trees as the best compliment they could pay him, boring the trees and filling them with gunpowder. We stopped at Pekin an hour; but, as it was raining, I did not go on shore. It looked extremely small, I assure you. The bank is high there, and from the boat I could not see twenty houses. There may be more, however. Nothing surprised me more than the small number of houses in the Illinois cities. At Peru there are but six. We reached there Friday night very late. It was near midnight. Daniel Webster is staying there with Col. Kinney, who lives about two miles *out of town*. I believe Mr. W. owns a great part of Peru. They say that land is worth a hundred dollars a foot on the river there, but I suppose they might as well say a thousand dollars at once. The black remains of the steamboat that was burnt the night before while lying at the landing were just beside us, and prevented me from sleeping much. There were one or two lives lost. The remains of one person were found, and it was supposed to be a man who went on board quite intoxicated, and another half-drunken man is missed. All on board, however, had great difficulty in escaping, and scarcely anything but their lives was saved. The captain had gone ashore, and left no watch on board nor taken any precautions; and he lost everything he possessed in the world but seventy-five cents that he had in his pocket. The pilot also lost all but a dollar and a quarter, and it was said that they divided the remains of their property.

At daylight we got into the stage, and after about two miles of beautiful hill and dale we began to see the prairies. A Mr. and Mrs. Bush, of Philadelphia, were with us; a young man named Fessenden, another named Hyde, both very agreeable; and enough more people to made nine inside and one out completed our party. Two of them were sleeping in the steamboat when she was on fire, and one of those escaped from the "Ione" when she was burned, and only missed the "Ben Sherrod" by being half a minute too late for her. He half-

frightened us out of wishing to cross the lakes with his horrid stories.

We had a delightful ride that day (Saturday). The day was a sort of Indian Summer, and, riding on the edge of a prairie which overlooks the Illinois River and bottom, I never saw anything half so beautiful. The wooded islands, the green level below, the belt of fine trees under which we were riding, and the beds of rich flowers that we were treading down at each step, combined to form a charming picture. In the afternoon we came upon the ocean-like prairie,—quite out of sight of land, as it seemed,—and nothing to be seen but the carriage track and the Indian trail which is often seen in the shape of a narrow foot-path going straight off into the horizon. I saw the compass plant and the rattlesnake weed, which cures the bite at once. Nothing has ever pleased me so much as the flowers—the richest and most beautiful. In half a minute you could gather a bouquet that would render one the envy of the whole Horticultural Society in Boston, to say nothing of the Winships and the Kenricks. Yet they tell me at this season I don't begin to see them.

I have left no room to tell you about Chicago, but that as far surpassed my expectations as the other cities of Illinois fell short of them. I am in the *Lake House*, and Lake Michigan is almost at my feet, stretching away like the ocean, and on the other side the prairies, even more like it, because greener. I will write you again from here. I travelled almost all day on Sunday, I am sorry to say; but, as I was alone, I could not stop.

Tell Mr. Hurd I am glad he urged my going; and my love to Miss Ann and Mrs. Goddard, also to Mrs. Sumner.

Your affectionate sister,

SARAH.

Mr. Rhodes said a great deal about the *Messenger* and you. He thinks it a capital magazine.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Editor calls attention to an important change in the list of the officers of the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Our new Secretary is Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

PLEASE REMEMBER, WHEN YOU SEE A REQUEST FOR A BOOK IN THE BOOK CLUB, TO WRITE A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, ASKING, "*Shall* I SEND SUCH A BOOK TO SUCH A PERSON?" BEFORE SENDING IT, ELSE THE PERSON WHO REQUESTS IT MAY RECEIVE SEVERAL COPIES. WHEN ANY ONE WRITES DIRECTLY TO YOU, ASKING FOR A BOOK OFFERED BY YOU, SEND A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, SAYING THAT YOU *have* SENT IT. WHEN YOU RECEIVE MORE REQUESTS THAN YOU CAN MEET, SEND THESE TO THE BOOK CLUB.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our Book-Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

DIRECTIONS.

SECRETARY,—Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,— Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR,— Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

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Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.